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The Ever-green Pine.

Oh, a valiant tree is the ever-green pine,
That grows on the bleak mountain side;
Not a fear does it feel of the wind or the storm,
As it stands like a king in its pride.

The lightnings may flash 'round its tall waving crest,
And the wind 'mid its branches may rave:
But it stands in its strength like a lion at bay,
Or a hero, who'll ne'er be a slave.

Oh, a sorrowful tree is the ever-green pine
That grows in the sweet smiling vale,
It murmurs forever a low, plaintive song
That resembles a 'lorn lover's wail.

It stretches its strong, shady branches abroad
And it sighs to the flowers below,
And it tells of the sorrow corroding its heart
To the breezes that merrily blow.

Oh, a beautiful tree is the ever-green pine
That grows on the hill's sloping side;
It shelters the woodbird, gives shade to the deer,
And makes cheerful our house, far and wide.

Then honored and loved be the ever-green pine
That fears neither lightning nor gale,
And cherished still more be the sorrowful tree
That sighs in the sweet smiling vale.

—M. J. Riordan.

SUMMERVILLE.

"Oh, Teddy, can't you get any more apples than this? I'm sure I could if I were only up there," cried the girl standing with up-turned face under an old apple tree, from which a small boy was trying in vain to gather a few apples.

"I know you could. Do come up, Llew. There is no one here to see, and I won't tell."

"Why, Teddy Chesleigh! I am eighteen years old," with indignant emphasis.

"Well, I didn't suppose you'd do it. But there is a bough of daisy apples right near the fence. You might reach that."

"I will," she replies, after a moment's hesitation. "Here goes," and looking around to assure herself that no one was within sight, she tossed down her hat and mounts with nimble steps the rickety old fence, catching the branch, heavily laden with delicious fruit.

"Oh, Teddy, they are elegant!" she exclaims, with a gay little laugh, disclosing a row of white, even little teeth.

She makes a perfect picture there, her uplifted arms forming a frame for the bright, laughing face with its crown of bonnie brown hair, which the wind blows recklessly about, and her slender figure, in a close-fitting dress of soft, clinging gray, standing out in bold relief against the blue sky, while the wind throwing the dress aside, shows a pretty little foot and a slender little ankle.

Clutching the branch lightly in both little brown hands, she gave a vigorous shake, when looking down to note the result of her shaking, she sees, much to her horror, a young gentleman, equipped for hunting, standing not far off, whom she immediately recognizes as one whom she had met during the past winter at Albany.

With a little gasp she turns her crimson face up to her brother with a reproachful glance, but, undaunted by her indignant looks, the shameless youngster sits grinning in the tree apparently enjoying the situation immensely.

The gentleman turns toward the more friendly face and addresses a few remarks to him about the apples, thus giving Llew an opportunity for descending from her exalted position.

When she is again on the ground, she tries in vain to smooth her hair, which is blowing in dire confusion all over her face. The gentleman now raises his hunting-cap, and smilingly offers his hand, saying, "Miss Chesleigh, I believe?"

"Yes," she answers, her face bright with blushes, as she hesitatingly holds out a little, tanned hand. "Am I not speaking to Mr. Delmarre?"

"At your service. I must beg pardon, Miss Chesleigh, for my untimely intrusion," with a smile still lurking in his dark eyes as he looks at the still-confused maiden.

"I grant it, but I wish to assure you that I do not do such undignified things often, but the fruit did look so tempting."

"Let me congratulate you on your success," glancing at the goodly number which lay on the ground. "I used to be quite an expert in such matters, and have come into this country to renew my skill, and as a beginning have started out to hunt, but awkwardly broke my gun at the first attempt to use it."

Then Llew calls to Teddy, who is gathering up the apples, and adjusts her hat.

"Come, Teddy, it is getting late, and auntie will be worried about us. Besides it is tea time." Then she says to Mr. Delmarre: "I must say good-by for to-day, but if you spend the summer here we will be such near neighbors that we shall probably see each other often."

"Allow me to walk with you, as I go this way and am beginning to think it is supper time, also." Then, as silence gives consent, he walks on with them, helping Teddy carry the fruit. The conversation is carried on chiefly by Teddy and Philip during their short walk, for Llew has not yet quite regained her composure.

When they reach home and Mr. Delmarre has left them Teddy receives a severe scolding, but, as usual, proves invulnerable. But Llew succeeds in extorting a promise that he will never, never tell. For she knows her Aunt Mary, a sedate spinster of uncertain age, who has presided over the household since the death of their mother, would be utterly shocked.

Her father is a middle-aged gentleman, almost too indulgent at times to his motherless children. He seldom goes away from his farm, but Llew spends several months of each winter with her fashionable cousins in Albany, where she had met Mr. Delmarre.

Adjoining the Chesleigh farm is the land of "old John Delmarre," as he is generally called, a crutsy old bachelor, whom none of his neighbors know except by sight. He is the uncle of Phil Delmarre, who is the old man's favorite, and as we have said he had come to spend the summer months with his uncle.

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The summer months passed quickly by, and Phil, in spite of all the beautiful women he had seen, and women, too, who had bestowed on him their choicest smiles, fell desperately in love with this little maiden, whose indifference to all his attentions only made her more charming and desirable in his eyes.

So it was not strange that one day while on one of their numerous excursions, and while Teddy had gone farther down the river to fish, he should take this most excellent opportunity of making Llew acquainted with his great love for her, and offer her his heart and hand.

Llew, taken by surprise, replies, in the usual way, that she is sorry, but does not care enough for him to marry him, etc. Only one consolation does she give him, and that is that she loves no one else. So Phil is comforted in a degree, thinking that some day he may be able to win her love.

He leaves her there and wanders down the banks of the river, for in his great disappointment he can hardly bear to see her.

Suddenly he hears a sharp cry and his heart almost stands still, for it is Llew's voice. Can she have fallen into the water? Blaming himself for leaving her there alone and so near the water, he rushes back and sees Llew standing on the bank wringing her hands while in the water he discovered Teddy.

Without hesitation he throws off his coat and leaps into the river. He is a good swimmer, but Teddy has become unconscious and is very heavy, and it is not without difficulty he gets him to the bank.

Llew is standing perfectly motionless, but this moment has brought her to the knowledge that she loves Phil Delmarre with all her heart, and that without him her future life would be a dreary blank.

When Phil reaches the bank with the unconscious boy in his arms he carries him to his uncle's house, which is not far away.

Llew follows, silent and unremonstrating, and they soon reach the place where Mr. Delmarre is enjoying his morning cigar on the porch, and as the procession neared the steps he called out to Phil in a gruff voice:

"Hello! What's up now? Looks as if you'd been near the river!"

"Yes. We've had an accident," replied Phil, still holding the boy in his arms.

Here the old housekeeper made her appearance, much to the relief of Phil, who began to give orders for her to prepare a bed for his little charge, and for once she did not wait for her master's bidding, because the distressed looks on Llew's face, who was standing by, touched the heart of the old woman.

When Llew was left alone with the old gentleman she summoned all her courage and walked up to his chair and stood before him, much to his surprise, for all the neighbors had looked upon him as an ogre, and no one had ever before been known to speak to him unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Mr. Delmarre, I am very sorry that we have been obliged to intrude upon your quiet household, but it was quite unavoidable, and I can only hope our stay will be as short as possible."

She stood waiting for an answer, but received none save a deep grunt, which very nearly made her jump.

Just then Phil came out, his dripping garments being changed for a dark suit that was very becoming to him.

"You had best go to your brother," he said in polite tones, leading the way.

"Yes, but let me first endeavor to thank you for the great service you have ——" but here she was interrupted by Phil.

"Let us not discuss that. I am now going for a physician. There is the room," and he hurried away. Llew and Mrs. Smith made Teddy as comfortable as possible, but when he recovered from his sleep he was delirious. When Phil and the doctor came he was in a restless sleep.

The good old doctor pronounced him too ill to be moved for a week or two, to Llew's great horror. To stay a week with that horrid old man!

None knew what the old man thought, for he kept his thoughts to himself, and sat most of the day on the porch with either a cigar or paper.

Phil next went to Teddy's aunt, but Teddy would have no one near him but Llew, so her aunt packed a few things in a valise and sent them to her.

It was not long until the whole town had heard of the accident, and one and all declared that "it was the strangest thing they had ever heard of that old John Delmarre would allow them folks at his home."

Mr. Chesleigh, Aunt Mary, and the doctor paid regular visits at the farm, and Teddy improved slowly under Llew's tender care. She seldom left his bedside, and her newly-discovered love grew stronger as she learned more of Phil's noble nature. He was the light of the house, kind to everybody, but his great kindness to Teddy would have won Llew's heart alone.

At last the day has come for Teddy's departure, and preparatory to this Llew has persuaded him to take a nap. She is sitting near the lounge, her deft fingers busily employed in putting the finishing touches to a smoking-cap for Mr. Delmarre, Sr., whose heart she has won by making herself necessary to his comfort in a thousand little ways, such as reading his newspapers to him and making dainty dishes for his luncheon.

In the meantime her thoughts are with Mr. Delmarre, Jr., whose heart she had won long ago.

Suddenly the door opens and the object of her thoughts comes into the room. With a pretty gesture she places one finger on her lips for silence. Thinking himself unwelcome, he is tiptoeing his way out of the room when he hears his name, "Phil," pronounced in soft, low tones.

Turning with a surprised glance he retraces his steps and comes to her side, and is still more astonished to see her piquant face bent low over her work, and covered with blushes.

"Phil," she repeats, with one swift, shy, upward glance, "do you remember that once I said I could never repay you for saving Teddy's life?" her voice trembling slightly.

"I beseech of you not to allude to that day," for he remembers another incident of that very day—one that brings painful thoughts to him.

"But I have changed my mind, and will give you a very worthless gift, but one that you once asked for, and—and," —then breaking down and covering her face with her hands. "Oh, Phil! Don't you understand? Must I propose to you?"

"Oh, my darling!"

But just at this junction Teddy raises upon one elbow, and is watching these interesting proceedings with two large eyes from which all signs of sleep have fled.

"Well, Llew, I always thought you had lots of cheek, but I didn't think you'd have the gall to propose to a fellow!"

"Oh, Teddy!" cries Llew reproachfully with burning cheeks, while Phil breaks into an undignified roar, at which Llew's face grows rosier still, as she beats a hasty retreat, but rushes into the arms of old Mr. Delmarre, who, holding her tightly, marches into the room.

"What's up now?" he exclaims with a smile that has become quite common to him during Llew's stay.

When Phil's explanation is given he says to Llew,

"So I'm not to lose you after all? I had quite decided to ask you to remain here, if this scamp didn't," nodding toward Phil, "for you have become quite indispensable to—the family.

Then, taking the hand of the confused girl, he placed it in Phil's and gently pushed them from the room. From there they go into the little garden.

Here we will pause for lack of space and leave our readers to imagine what took place in the garden.

A Story of Storrs.

"Yes, the late Emery A. Storrs was a character, sure enough," remarked an attorney who had grown gray in the service. "Many anecdotes have been told of his wonderful talent for word-painting and gift of repartee, but nothing I have ever heard quite equaled the effect on me of a little speech he made the first time I saw him, a full score of years ago. He represented the plaintiff in some commonplace action, and the lawyer for the defendant was a young man just branching out. The suit, I think, was for breach of contract, or something similar. The budding attorney, who shall be nameless here, was well aware of Storrs' ability, and accordingly prepared his case with the greatest care. After the evidence had all been heard he stood before the jury and delivered a memorized speech, which was about 200 degrees higher than the subject. Storrs followed him and said:

"'If the court pleases, gentleman of the jury: I am sure that I voice the common sentiment of us all—Judge, jurors, spectators—when I say that the address of the gentleman who has just spoken has been to us a great delight. I have likened it in my own mind to some great edifice—some magnificent work of architecture. But I am puzzled to determine the particular school to which it belongs. It is not Doric; it is too ornate for that. It is not Corinthian; it is not ornate enough for that. It is not Ionic; it is too strong and massive to be Ionic. At this very moment, gentlemen, a story comes to my memory that solves the problem. You all remember the old gray church—the Second Presbyterian, Dr. Patterson's—which used to stand on the corner of Wabash avenue and Washington street. It was a beautiful edifice, with its masonry of gray, its great decorated windows, its castellated towers. One day an old man and his wife came for the first time from their country home to see this great city; they walked up and down and marveled as they saw the busy streets, the Court-House, the stores, the warehouses on the river, and finally they stood before the old gray church Arms akimbo they gazed upon it in silent awe; but then the old gentleman, turning one eye on his wife and holding the edifice fast by the other, said: 'Nancy, what a splendid specimen of cathartic architecture!'"

"The jury was convulsed, the effect of the other speeech utterly destroyed, and Storrs won his case."

A Merciful Man.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Yet how many farmers, and especially farmers' boys, after heating a team in driving to the village, think nothing of letting them stand about the streets for hours at a time, perhaps with not even a blanket, while they are gossiping near a warm stove or taking exercise about their ordinary business.

A citizen of Kalamazoo, Mich., got a happy thought and, being a humane man, acted on it. Noticing the exposure of teams coming to the city, especially in cold and stormy weather, he determined to give farmers an opportunity to make their horses comfortable during their stay. He purchased land just off the principal street and proceeded with his undertaking. He was made the subject of many jokes from all quarters for his "foolish enterprise," but he went on and carried out his plan, and to-day there is nothing in Kalamazoo so popular with country people coming to the city on business as the farmers' sheds. They are described as follows:

On the right is a waiting-room, well-furnished and comfortably warmed, supplied with hooks for overcoats and hats and wardrobes, and apartments for ladies' wraps; in another room are tables and a restaurant; as you pass into the yard is a tank of water for horses. You drive up to the platform of the waiting-room, you and your ladies alight by simply stepping on the platform; you hand a dime to an attendant hostler and he takes your horse and buggy to an empty stall to stand until you call, giving him all needed attention. Give two dimes, and your horse is not only attended to but fed. In either case you are entitled to the privileges of the waiting-room, which includes tables where you may partake of your own lunch, free, or for a low rate you have as ample a bill of fare to choose from as you may desire. When you choose you and yours go out on the street, transact your business, do all your errands, and return to the shed waiting-room.

Sundays these sheds are filled. Ladies arrange their toilets, leave their extra wraps, and on their return from church they take a warm soapstone, get thoroughly warm, and find it much pleasanter than formerly, before these sheds were offered. A portion of these sheds have doors and locks, so if a man comes in and desires perfect safety from thieves he can have it. Why should not all principal villages have those humane helps to the comfort of farmers' horses?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is still a frequent visitor to the Old Corner Bookstore.

DRIVE-WHIST.

A Game that is Taking the Place of Progressive Euchre.

Drive-whist is raging in the East as progressive euchre raged in the West last season. It has been introduced in a limited number of Detroit homes by ladies and gentlemen, who practiced it while visiting Boston, New York, and Philadelphia friends. Drive-whist is not very unlike progressive euchre in its general form. Any number of tables may be brought into the game; one hand is played, and then the couple change tables, advancing in rotation, as in progressive euchre; only in drive-whist the same partner is kept throughout the evening. Then, again, it is more social, because each couple must in the course of the evening meet with and play every other couple in the room, unless, of course, there are more couples than there are hands played; but, as it is possible to play from thirty to thirty-five hands between the hours of 8 and 10:30 o'clock, the last contingency is not likely to arise. Players assert that the game is very fascinating.

To play drive-whist, the host or hostess must procure score cards in sufficient number so as to provide each couple with one. These score cards are made like dancing programmes to be fastened by a cord, and give a space at the top for the lady's name and address, and opposite, the gentleman's name whose partner she is. Below the card is ruled in spaces so that there is one column for points won, another for points lost, and a third for the names of your opponents. The manner of choosing partners for the evening is left to the ingenuity of the hostess, and different ways are adopted. One is to write the gentlemen's names on the score cards (one name on each card) and then let the ladies draw one card each. When partners are once selected they are kept throughout the evening. The cards are dealt and one hand is played. At the end one couple at each table has won a number of points and the other couple has lost. The gentlemen then make a record, each on his own card, of the points won or lost, with the names of the other couple. The losing couple at the table then change places, each going to the next table, and the losing couple at the head table going to the vacant place at the foot. Another hand is dealt and played, another record made, another change of positions follows, and the game goes on. At the close of the game, when the number of hands previously decided upon have been played, each couple adds together all the points won and all lost, and this determines the difference. The couple that has won the greatest number of points is entitled to the head prize, and the couple that has lost the greatest number of points gets the foot prize. The prizes are provided by the host or hostess, or if a club meets to play it procures prizes from its club fund for that purpose. The score cards are given to the ladies at the completion of the game. —*N. Y. World.*

He Had Consulted His Directors.

A large proportion of the cotton-mill property in Spindleville is, as everybody knows, in the hands of the Haughton family, who got it through the marriage of one of the daughters of the family to the man who started the mill business there. When he died the property, through a series of perfectly natural steps, passed into the control of the Haughtons. Daniel Haughton, the head of the family, was a man of great natural shrewdness and strength of character. His two brothers, Jacob and Jehiel, were always associated with him; but, while his business proceedings were understood to be with their advice and consent, Daniel always held a sort of veto power over his brothers, and nothing was ever passed over his veto. He is dead now, but the story of the way in which he used to "consult his directors" is still told in Spindleville.

One day a cotton-broker called at the office of the mill of which Haughton was treasurer, and offered him a big lot of cotton at a certain price.

"This is so large a contract," said Haughton, "that I really ought to consult my directors about it. They're inside, and I'll just step in and consult them."

Jacob and Jehiel were in the inner office. Daniel went in and explained the proposition to them and said:

"Well, Brother Jacob, do you think we had better buy that cotton?"

"No, I don't think we had Brother Daniel; not at that price."

"Well, Brother 'Hiel, what do you think we had better do about it?"

"I shouldn't buy it, Brother Daniel; not by any means."

"Oom!" said Daniel.

Haughton went back to the outer office, where the cotton-broker was waiting.

"Well, sir," said he to the man, "I've consulted my directors, and I'll take that cotton at the price you named!"

There is a story of a similar touch of nature in the case of the senior partner of the cotton-mill at, call it Bootby, Conn. After his death one of the executors found it necessary to consult some of the directors. He accordingly asked Mr. Parks what action the board of directors were accustomed to take under certain circumstances.

"I do not know," said the director.

"Why, yes," said the puzzled lawyer, "you must be able to tell me something. A director for many years, you of course attended the meetings and assisted in the proceedings."

Growing momentarily more embarrassed, the director leaned forward at last and frankly explained:

"All true; I ought to know, but the fact is I usually got notice of a directors' meeting the day after it had taken place!"

Bagley (confidentially to pickpocket on the back platform)—"My good fellow, I wish you wouldn't try that." Pickpocket (in great trepidation)—"I, sir? Why, I——" Bagley (soothingly)—"There, there, don't apologize. You've been trying to pick my pocket, and I think it my duty to tell you that the wallet you are fingering is filled with bills which I've been trying to collect for six months, and I don't believe you can do any better."—*Philadelphia Call.*

FASHION'S HOROSCOPE.

A Blow at Stripes—Some Æsthetic Gowns Taken from Old Pictures.

(*From the New York Star.*)

The season has reached a point that is not productive of novelties in the world of fashion, which whirls on in a repetition of its toilets, scarcely pausing to breathe a sigh or drop a tear for the dead General, whose magnificent presence so recently graced the festive board, carrying sunshine in his smile, while his heart was darkened by blighted hope and unrealized dreams. Only personal association with the latest of the dead heroes revealed the unselfish consideration of his nature, which was as punctillious in matters of etiquette as in affairs of more serious import.

A striking characteristic of men who are kindly favored by nature is the desire to have themselves photographed, but this was an onerous and rarely accomplished duty which the man who used to be known at the handsomest in the army paid to his friends and the public; hence I treasure the photograph of him at his brightest and best which hangs before me, as so few are extant.

If the striped goods that are piled upon the shop counters are to constitute the whole or a portion of our costumes for the coming season our streets will look as though the convicts from all of the penitentiaries in the land were let loose upon them. No magic of the modiste can convert striped material into anything stylish, even though it be used for the underskirt alone, as I noticed in a Redfern costume. To my objection, the reply was that stripes seemed to obtain. The costly goods in stripes are quite reduced in price and the fashion will not extend into the late spring.

Many gowns with sleeves of different material are seen in imitation of a costume that Sarah Bernhardt wore in "Marion Delorme." Sometimes the skirt is slashed at the side over a plush petticoat, in which case the sleeves are also of plush. The front breadth may be of this material laced across with cords or tied in three places with ribbon about two inches of width; this may be picot edged or plain satin, gauze or velvet.

The charming gown which was worn by a lady during a morning call that I recently made upon her tempted me to compliment her regarding its picturesque effect. It was composed of two shades of olive in camel's hair and plush, the lower half of the sleeves and the front being of the latter, while the straight, full back was of soft, fine camel's hair, in that rich shade which catches and seems to imprison the sunbeams. The sleeves had a large buff at the top, and were finished at the wrist like the neck, with ruffles of old lace.

A silk purse worked with amber beads and having a deep fringe of them at the ends, was carelessly caught in a buttonhole of the corsage, furnishing the delightful bit of contrast, that with an amber comb tucked in her hair gave completeness to the picture that she made in this successful copy of a style more than a century ago, that was obtained from an old painting. The lady showed me a gown of white camel's hair and plush made in the same fashion. These gowns are quite light in weight, being made on a thin foundation of crinoline. Many women could obtain picturesqueness by studying and copying portraits of ancient dames.

The chatelain is again in demand, more for the fan than for the watch. A magnificent one that is in a show case at a jeweler's on Broadway is incrusted with diamonds and has two large solitaires pendant together with a heart, the size of which will favorably compare with that of the fashionable woman whose waist it will adorn. A chain of platina with diamonds sunken in it is attached to the chatelain, and also to a fan of exquisitely painted white satsn with sticks of pearl inlaid with gold. The newest fans are small and medium size; most of them have pearl sticks that are plain, carved or inlaid, the latter being very costly. A handsome fan may be obtained for $30, having pearl sticks with a tiny bunch of violets in enamel near the top of the outside stick. A rose bud is enameled on other fans that are painted with roses, but the modest little violet makes far the prettier decoration.

Short skirts or petticoats of Jersey silk, with ruffles of lace, are preferred to surah, because the gown does not stick to the smooth surface. They are sometimes worn in place of a flannel petticoat. The beautiful embroided robes in cashmere and albatross cloth make graceful summer gowns, and are worn at home from $15 to $40, the latter having the flowers worked in chenille. There is sufficient of the wide embroidery to form the entire skirt, or it may introduced as panels and draped in a short tunic, using the narrow for the corsage trimming. Lace combined with embroidery relieves the stiffness that these pattern gowns are likely to have. Quantities of ribbon must be fastened around them. Some of the reduced stock in elegant designs of pompedour effect will be found very effective to use in this way. These colors also come in the new ribbons representing vines, stripes or sprigs.

A great deal of drawn work will be seen on thin materials like batiste. If done at home the expense of this work is much reduced. The canvass or etamine robes worked with colors are very undesirable this season, although the shop counters are flooded with them. Fur trimming on wraps and gowns will be worn very late in the season and are particularly used for evening gowns. Chincilla forms a stylish trimming rose color velvet or plush. Feather trimming and fur will be seen on indoor toilets even in midsummer. The new wraps will be quite short in the visite shape. Plush will be extensively used, and some of the new beaded material is particularly elegant.

The corsage is not to be pointed, but made round, with the front sometimes cut in deep points filled in with a ruffle of lace.

P.

New Ideas for Arranging Parlors.

Mme. de Stuve, the wife of the Russian minister, who was such a wonderful woman in every way, set a fashion here of breaking up the long saloon parlors into subdivisions and nooks. The minister took for his legation the typical furnished house with one long parlor, with light walls and carpets and a stiff row of red furniture set around the parallelogram. The household genius put a long sofa opposite the middle door, and set a group of tall palm, orange and rubber trees at either end of it, letting them run out into the room like capes of land. It was easy enough then to put other sofas against this hedge of greenery, scatter the chairs, the low tables with lamps, and the hassocks about. Lots of pillows for the sofas and a soft bag of feathers in old brocade for each of the larger chairs, gave the room a most luxurious and comfortable air, and there was irregularity enough to make the general effect supremely artistic.

Not every one has a Russian woman's passion for palms and orange trees in the drawing-room in winter, and the tall plants and small trees that are such effective and inevitable decorations of European parlors are not in the same favor here yet. The American house is crowded with palms at great expense for one evening party, but a single graceful tree is seldom kept to delight the eye of the family all the while. Several women who can not carry out Mme. de Struve's prettily arranged drawing-room with the palms have broken the length of their saloon parlors with arrangements of screens, and made the path from one end of the room to another a tortuous one, in and out past the angles of screens. Some familiar drawing-rooms are so changed in this way that one hardly recognizes them in their new guise. One long and awkward parlor that I used to know is broken into three cosey nooks, each with its own little decorative arrangements and central idea, and each beautified by a tall brass lamp on the floor, or by large table lamps.

Another fancy of the day for those who have two small parlors, both with doors opening into the hall, is to close the hall door of the front parlor and set the hat-rack or card-table against it. This gives a much better chance to arrange the furniture of the front room effectively, keeps off draughts from the open front door, and gives the room the cosey, shut-in look so comforting in winter time. A diplomate's wife was the first to set up this fashion, too, after she had struggled with and solved the problem of these narrow American houses with small parlors opening so nearly on the street door. At one house here where the front parlor door has lately been shut, the door of the second parlor is back under the hall stairs, and the servants had an amusing encounter with a deaf caller, who insisted that he did not want to go to the dining-room if the family was at table. He had supposed the ladies would be in the parlor on that day and at that hour.—*Washington Cor. in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Cleveland and Autograph Collectors.

An Indianapolis *Journal* correspondent at Washington writes: A person outside of Washington has no idea of the immense amount of time the President and his cabinet are compelled to waste almost daily in writing autographs. The senators are comparatively free from this nuisance, when one compares the requests made of the President and his cabinet. It is almost a system, the making of autographs at the White House, and the President has been compelled to adopt some method, or otherwise he would have to refuse the requests altogether, or else be interrupted every hour. The doorkeeper at the cabinet-room is made the custodian of all autograph books sent to the White House. He piles these dainty little volumes on a shelf on his big desk and lets them rest there until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when he opens each one at the proper page and then carries the pile to the library for Cleveland's inspection. The President rarely looks over the books, but takes up a pen and dashes off his name in a rapid manner and passes to the next. Then the doorkeeper carries the pile away. The President generally, during this hour, writes off a number of autographs on small cards, with the words "executive mansion" printed on one corner. These are sent away by mail in answer to the hundreds of requests that come through Uncle Sam's carrier. Some one suggested to the President that he let one of his clerks write his autographs, but he replied: "I am still able to use my right hand and arm, and it does not take long to sign my name." So the change was never suggested again.

A correspondent of the Albany *Journal* writes: A very bright young lady who has been living in Boston several winters was invited to hear a lecture on "Glaciers" at the Natural History rooms. All the Harvard professors and scientific people were present, and after the "Glaciers" a paper on Paleozoic insects was read by S. H. Scudder of Cambridge. Mr. Scudder is an enthusiastic entomologist, and he rushed through a long list of scientific technicalities, describing the difference between the Paleozoic insects and the insects of the present day, their gradual evolutions from period to period, and ended by stating that cockroaches were the only insects which remained unchanged and as primarily created. In fact, they were the oldest specimens of insects known to man. When Mr. Scudder concluded, a Harvard professor smilingly asked this young lady how she had enjoyed the lecture: "O, very much," was the response. "I don't understand much about bugs, but it is very interesting to know that cockroaches are almost as old as some of our best Boston families."

A student at the University of Texas, whose home is at Brenham, was about to start home to enjoy the Christmas holidays. A friend remarked: "You haven't got your watch on. You ought not to go home without your timepiece." "What do I want a watch for at Brenham? There isn't a pawnbroker shop in the town."—*Texas Siftings.*

A DREADFUL TRAGEDY.

Mysterious Wife-Murder and Suicide by a Stranger—Nine Orphans.

A horrible tragedy occurred at Piedmont, Greenville county, last Wednesday morning. James W. King, a resident of Piedmont, after accompanying to the depot his brother-in-law, Phillips, who took the up freight train, returned to his dwelling in the village, murdered his wife by stabbing her in the breast and throat with a knife, and after this bloody deed cut his own throat.

Parties who suspected something wrong broke open the door of their room and found Mrs. King lying in a pool of blood, and her husband lying across her, both dead, and the knife lying on King's breast. What led to this dreadful event seems to be wrapped in mystery. Evidently King and his wife did not live happily together. A circumstance creating this belief is that King had recently notified merchants of Piedmont not to let his wife have goods on his account. King earned his living by ditching, and some of his children worked as operatives in the Piedmont factory. But little can be learned of the people. They came to Piedmont as strangers from North Carolina. It is surmised that King had some family trouble, and had become insane when he committed the awful tragedy. King was about forty-five or fifty years of age. They leave, it is said, nine children—several of them very young.

—The Burmese Crown Prince's son is dead. His army of 3,000 men has been dispersed, 600 of them following his brother into the dense forests in Marepore.